

# *Love's Labours Lost*

Act I, sc. 1 (line 1)

## **KING FERDINAND**

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;  
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,  
The endeavor of this present breath may buy  
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge  
And make us heirs of all eternity.  
Therefore, brave conquerors,--for so you are,  
That war against your own affections  
And the huge army of the world's desires,--  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:  
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;  
Our court shall be a little Academe,  
Still and contemplative in living art.  
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,  
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me  
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes  
That are recorded in this schedule here:  
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,  
That his own hand may strike his honour down  
That violates the smallest branch herein:

If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,  
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.